EXCLUSIVE APARTMENT HOUSE WRESTLING CLUB

PENTHOUSE

Catfights

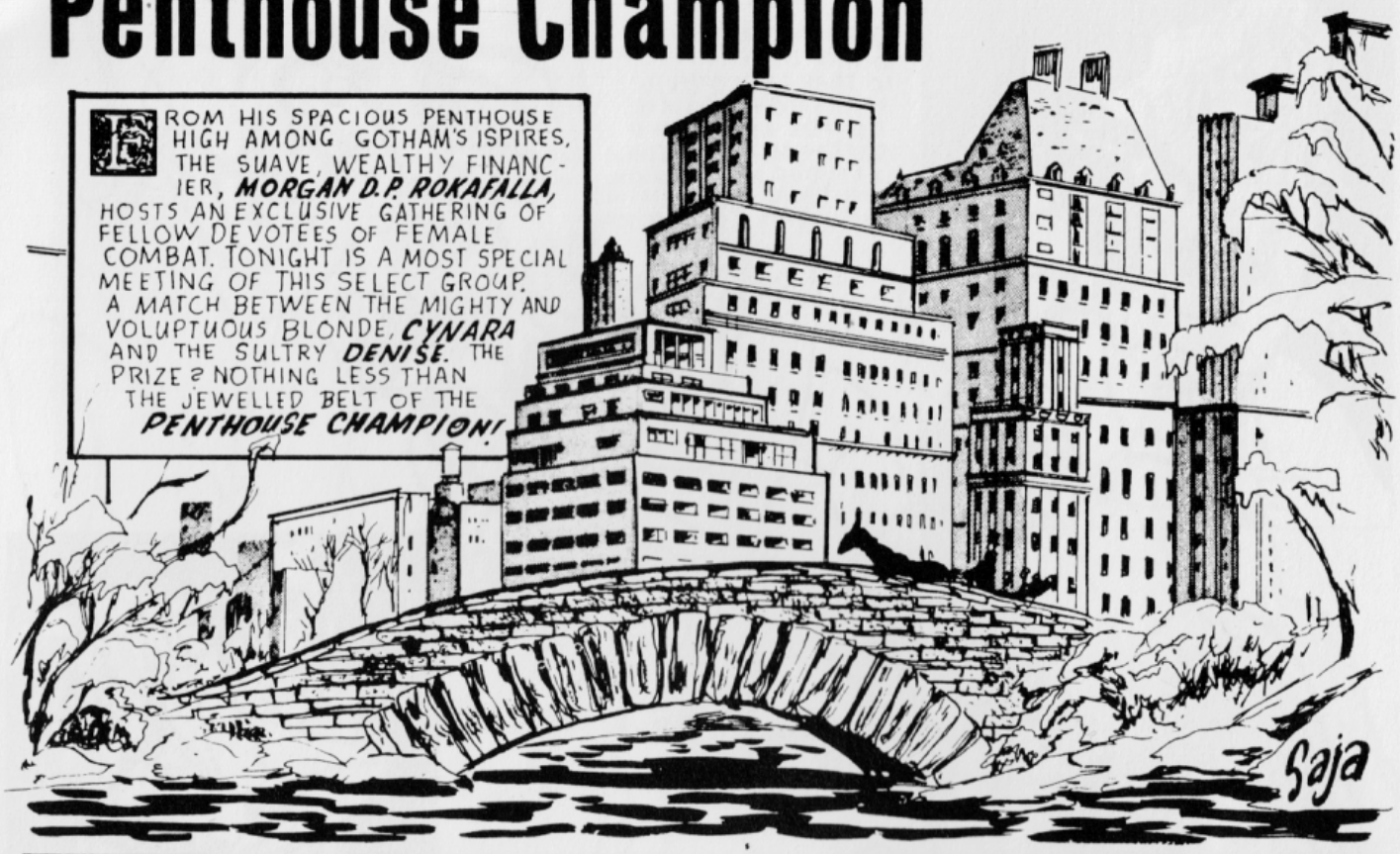
40 PAGES OF CARTOONS
10 PAGE PHOTO STORY plus TEXT

THE TWO HELLCATS ARE DETERMINED TO TEAR EACH OTHER APART, TO HUMILIATE THE FOE AS WELL AS DEFEAT HER. THE GIRLS EXPLODE INTO ACTION, WRITHING AND TWISTING IN PAINFUL CONTORTIONS.

BEAUTIFUL BODIES ARE WRENCHED INTO AGONIZINGLY GROTESQUE POSITION. BODY STRAINS AGAINST BODY. LONG NAILS REND SOFT FLESH, KNEES AND ELBOWS GOUGE INTO SENSITIVE, PRIVATE PARTS, RUTHLESSLY.

CYNARA IS GETTING THE BEST OF THE BATTLE WHEN DENISE HER DARK EYES FLASHING YANKS CYNARA'S GOLDEN MANE THE POOR GIRL HOWLS IN PAIN AND RAGE
HU! HU! HU! HU!
HEH! HEH! HEEEEH!
THUD THUD THUD THUD THUD
THE LUSH BLONDE GASPS IN TERRIBLE TORMENT AS DENISE FLATTENS HER POUTING BOSOM WITH VICIOUS PUNCHES. SHE RISES TO STOMP HER VICTIM...
GROAN
OW!
OH!
OH!
STOP! OH! PLEASE! EEE OUCH!

Penthouse Champion



BUT, TO THE ASTONISHMENT OF ALL, ESPECIALLY OF DENISE CYNARA HAS PLENTY OF FIGHT LEFT IN HER. A POWERFUL KICK STUNS DENISE.
OOOF
WHUP
AND THEN IT IS CYNARA'S TURN AND SHE TAKES IT. DENISE SQUIRMS, DESPERATELY TRYING TO BREAK THE HOLD.
GOTCHA!
TO NO AVAIL. CYNARA RISES FROM HER CHASTISED VICTIM.
TO CYNARA, THE FIRST PENTHOUSE CHAMPION!
TO CHAMPAGNE TOASTS, CYNARA PROUDLY GIRDS HER FULL HIPS IN THE CHAMPION'S BELT.
4

Penthouse Champion Series-2

CYNARA FIGHTS CANDY

CYNARA HAS WON THE PROUD TITLE OF *PENTHOUSE CHAMPION*. BUT THE VOLUPTUOUS BLONDE IS NOT GOING TO BE ALLOWED TO REST ON HER LAURELS. CANDY, A STRONG, TALL AND EXOTIC BRUNETTE DEMANDS THE RIGHT TO VIE FOR THE TITLE. AND SO, AGAIN A MATCH IS TO TAKE PLACE IN THE RITZY APARTMENT OF ONE MEMBER OF THIS SOPHISTICATED GROUP.

CYNARA IS EAGER TO COME TO GRIPS WITH HER LITHE CHALLENGER. BUT SHE MIGHT NOT BE SO CONFIDENT IF SHE KNEW THE SKILL AND STRENGTH OF CANDY. THE GIRLS MEET- BREAST TO BREAST, THIGH TO THIGH AND WITHIN THE FIRST FEW SECONDS EACH THROWS AWAY THE RULES.

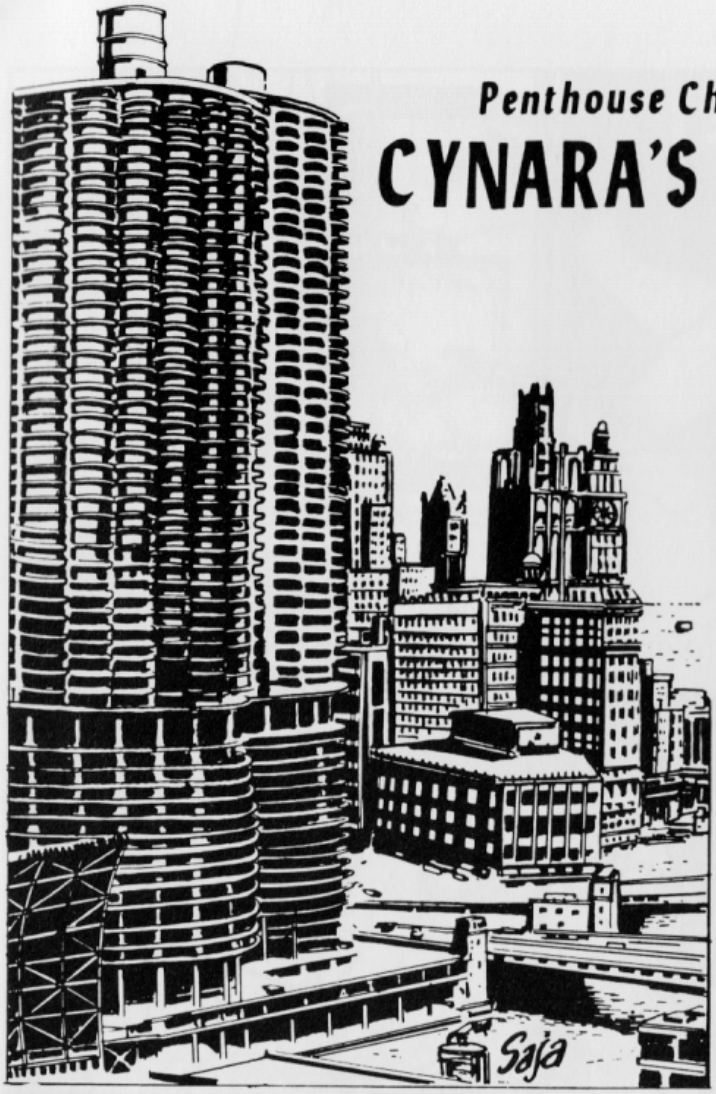
THIS MATCH IS WELL MADE! NEITHER GIRL CAN GAIN THE ADVANTAGE.
O.K. YOU BLACK-HAIRED DOXIE... YOU'LL BE A BALD HEADED DOXIE!
YEEOW!
UH
GASP!
WHUMP!
CANDY'S POWERFUL DOUBLE KICK STAGGERS CYNARA BADLY. THE POOR GIRL REELS IN PAIN TO BASH INTO THE ROOM'S GLASS PARTITION HARD ENOUGH TO CRACK IT. BOTH BIG BOOBS ARE BRUTALLY BRUISED.
OOFF!
2

CANDY WISHES NOT MERELY TO DEFEAT CYNARA, BUT TO *HUMILIATE – TO DEGRADE* THE BLONDE BEFORE THE EYES OF THIS HOI POILOI GATHERING. A VICIOUS KICK PARTS CANDY'S PLUMP DIERRIERE ERE SHE CAN RECOVER CANDY SUBJECTS HER TO ONE EACH MORE PAINFUL HOLD AFTER ANOTHER
HUEHOO
CANDY GIVES A VIRTUOSO PERFORMANCE OF THE ART OF MAYHEM, LEAVING CYNARA BEATEN, SEEMINGLY HELPLESS UNDER HIGH-HEELED FEET.
KISS MY HIGH-HEELED SHOE, BITCH!
Y-YOU C-CAN KISS MY SWEET BUTT!
3

CYNARA RECOVERS QUICKLY AND SOON GOES ON THE OFFENSIVE, STRONGER THAN EVER. HER HARD KNEE SLAMS INTO CANDY'S GROIN. BEFORE THE MOANING BRUNETTE CAN CRUMPLE SHE IS CRUSHED IN A BEAR-HUG. HER FULL BOSOM IS MASHED BEYOND ENDURANCE, BULGING LIKE DOUGH OVER CYNARA'S STEEL BICEPS.
PHUT
HAH! FINISHED! WOMAN OR MAN, CYNARA LEAVES THEM ALL- LIMP!
CYNARA THROWS AND PINS THE DEFEATED BRUNETTE. AFTER CANDY HAS SLUNK AWAY, A PARTY IS GIVEN IN HONOR OF THE VICTOR!
... MAYBE...
4

Penthouse Champion Series - 3

CYNARA'S CHALLENGE



NOW THAT SHE HAS WON AND DEFENDED THE COVERTED *PENTHOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP*, CYNARA BOASTS THAT NO WOMAN CAN TAKE THE BELT FROM HER. BUT A GROUP OF CHICAGO BUSINESSMEN THINK OTHERWISE. THE BETS ARE HIGH AMONG THE WEALTHY MEN THIS EVENING. YET, CYNARA IS UNCONCERNED...

YEAH? WHO'S CYNARA GOING TO FIGHT?

CYNARA! DAMN IT— WHERE IS SHE? HER OPPONENT'S HERE.

-*VALERIE DUVAL*- CHAUVINIST PIGS!

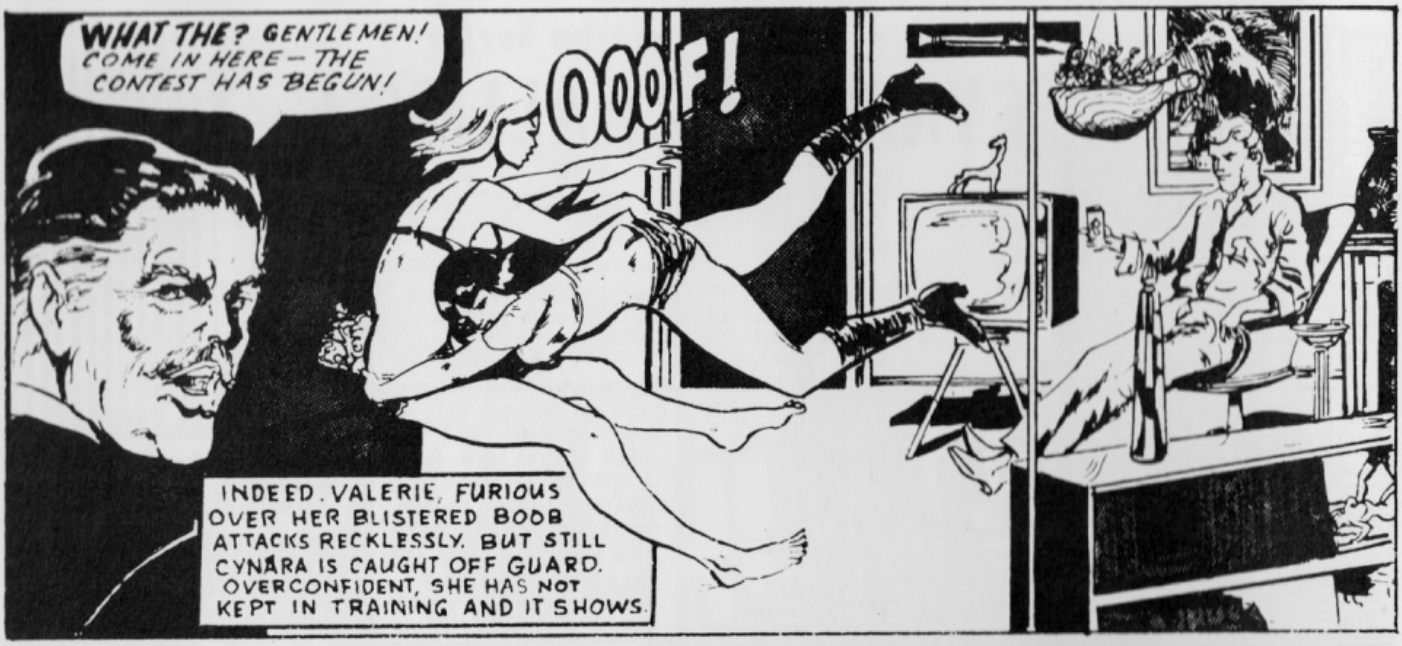
SO YOU'RE THE FAMOUS CYNARA. WELL, GET RID OF PRETTY-BOY, MORON HERE AND LET'S GET IT ON.

LOVER-MAN— WAIT 'TIL I KICK THIS BUTCH-BITCH'S ASS... I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!

HA! HA! HA!

WOW!

BETTER PUT THIS BUTT OUT FIRST. I WOULDN'T WANT TO (*TEE-HEE*) TO START A FIRE.



THE TWO WOMEN, SO MUCH ALIKE IN THEIR ARROGANCE HAVE TAKEN AN IMMEDIATE DISLIKE OF ONE ANOTHER. FROM THE FIRST IT IS OBVIOUS TO ALL THAT THIS IS A BATTLE FOR TOTAL DOMINANCE, UTTER DESTRUCTION, NO QUARTER TO BE ASKED, NONE GIVEN.

HUFF!
BUT CYNARA KNOWS ALL THE TRICKS. SHE PULLS ONE NOW.

THEN IT'S HER TURN TO DISH OUT THE PAIN.
AND SHE DOES SO WITH GREAT GLEE AND GUSTO.
WHAM!

NOW, BABY! IT'S TIME TO GIVE YOU A WRESTLING LESSON.
OW OW
CREEEK!
EEOW!

(PUFF!) YOU (PANT) H-HAD E-ENOUGH!?
ENOUGH?! HA! HA! DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH. LOOK AT YOU- GETTING FAT AND OUT OF CONDITION.

YOU SURE DON'T HAVE IT ANYMORE - IF YOU EVER DID! GIVE UP - OR ELSE YOU'RE GONNA BE DE-MAMMARIED!
YOU! YOOOOOOO!

HUH! I'M THE PENTHOUSE CHAMPION!
YOU BETTER GO BACK TO HOOKING BEFORE YOU GET TOO OLD. I'D SAY, MAYBE IT'S TOO LATE!

TO THE CHAMP!
YEA! VALERIE!
LONG MAY SHE REIGN!
WHICH WON'T BE FOR LONG, NOT IF I KNOW CYNARA!
4

Penthouse Champion Series - 4

Valerie's Victory

Saja

NOW THAT SHE IS THE NEW *PENTHOUSE CHAMPION*, VALERIE DUVAL MUST DEFEND HER TITLE. THE EXCLUSIVE CLUB OF APARTMENT WRESTLING DEVOTEES GATHER IN A MEMBER'S POSH QUARTERS - AN AREA IS CLEARED - DRINKS AND CIGARS ARE PROVIDED. ALL ARE CURIOUS AS TO VALERIE'S OPPONENT. AN AWED GASP IS HEARD AS A MAGNIFICIENT, GOLDEN-MANED AMAZON STRIDES PROUDLY INTO THE ROOM...

I AM **STAVRA STAROVKA** - COMRADE MALE PIG-DOGS!

O.K. LADIES. SHAKE HANDS AND LET'S BEGIN.

I NO SHAKE PAW OF UGLY **BITCH!**

EEOYiii!

SSSST!

BAH! WE HERE FOR FIGHT -SO FIGHT- VEAKLING!
STAVRA FOLLOWS UP HER FOUL. IT SEEMS THE BATTLE IS ENDED BEFORE IT HAS BEGUN. BUT VALERIE RECOVERS AND RETALIATES...
THUD
QUISH!
OOG!
WHAT FOLLOWS IS MAYHEM THAT SHOCKS EVEN THE JADED MEMBERS OF THE CLUB. WHILE NOT YET CHAMPION, THE UPSTART STAVRA PROVES HERSELF A SUPREME MASTER OF FOUL FIGHTING!
BIF! BIF! BIF!

YOW!
UNNGHH!
VALERIE VALIANTY FIGHTS BACK, USING ALL OF HER SUPERB WRESTLING SKILLS. YET STAVRA IS NO NOVICE TO THE ART OF SKILLFULLY APPLIED HOLDS AND THROWS AND SHE IS UTTERLY WITHOUT QUALMS WHEN IT COME TO THE RULES OF FAIR PLAY. EVEN HER SPONSERS GROW DISGUSTED WITH HER FOUL TACTICS AND BEFORE LONG FIND THEMSELVES ROOTING FOR VALERIE.
UHHHH!
AT LAST, VALERIE GETS THE UPPER HAND. FROM BEHIND SHE SPREADS STAVRA'S BIG BREASTS APART AND SLAMS THE HEAVY MELONS TOGETHER LIKE FLESHY CYMBALS.
SLAM
DISPITE ALL HER FOUL TRICKERY, STAVRA IS AT LAST PINNED. SHE RAGES HELPLESSLY UNDER VALERIE'S HEFTY HIPS. SHE MUST GIVE IN!

A MAGNIFICENT PERFORMANCE VALERIE. THE BEST WOMAN WON!
REMAINING ASTRIDE HER BLONDE OPPONENT, VALERIE CONTEMPTOUSLY DRINKS THE CHAMPAGNE TOAST TO HER VICTORY. BUT BEHIND HER BACK, STAVRA SURREPTITIOUSLY GRIPS THE CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE AND BLUDGEONS VALERIE FROM BEHIND! THE CLUB MEMBERS ARE APPALLED AND OUTRAGED.
NYET! NYET!
CLUNK!
UNSPORTSWOMANLIKE!
MOST DIS-HONORABLE!
SEE THAT THIS CHEATING WENCH IS IMMEDIATLY EVICTED FROM THE PEMISES.
OUT!
WITHOUT FURTHER ADO, STAVRA IS FROG-MARCHED TO THE EXIT AND DISDAINFULLY THROWN OUT. FURIOUS, SHE VOWS VENGENCE.
GRRRRRRR!
I VILL YET BE PENTHOUSE CHAMPION AND ALL VILL KISS MY BELT!
PIGS! YOU CAN NO DO THIS TO STAVRA STAROVKA. I VILL RETURN! I VILL YET BE CHAMPION.

Penthouse Champion Series 5

the return of Cynara

Saja

ONCE AGAIN THE EXCLUSIVE CLUB MEETS IN THE PLUSH QUARTERS OF A WELL-TO-DO MEMBER. TONIGHT, *VALERIE* MUST DEFEND HER CHAMPIONSHIP AGAINST A LITTLE BLONDE SPITFIRE—*JUNE*. A FEW OF THE FOUNDERS WONDER OF THE WHEREABOUT OF THE FIRST *PENTHOUSE CHAMPION* ... THE BEAUTIFUL ... AND *TOUGH*... CYNARA, THE CONTEST BEGINS.

YOW!
CYNARA JOINS THE MEN IN WATCHING THE BRUTAL COMBAT OF THE PAIR OF LOVELY YOUNG LADIES. DISPITE HER DIMINUTIVE SIZE *JUNE* IS QUITE STRONG. IF *VALERIE* RETAINS THE COVERTED *PENTHOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP* THIS NIGHT IT WILL BE NO EASY VICTORY.

FINALLY, *VALERIE* MANAGES TO TRAP *JUNE* IN A POWERFUL HEAD-SCISSORS. THE BUXOM BLONDE SQUIRMS DESPERATELY ATTEMPTING TO BREAK FREE.
UGH!
2

HA! HA! HA! *JUNE*-YOU LUCKY GIRL-YOU'RE GETTING A FREE SAMPLE OF MY FINE SNATCH.
MMMFF!

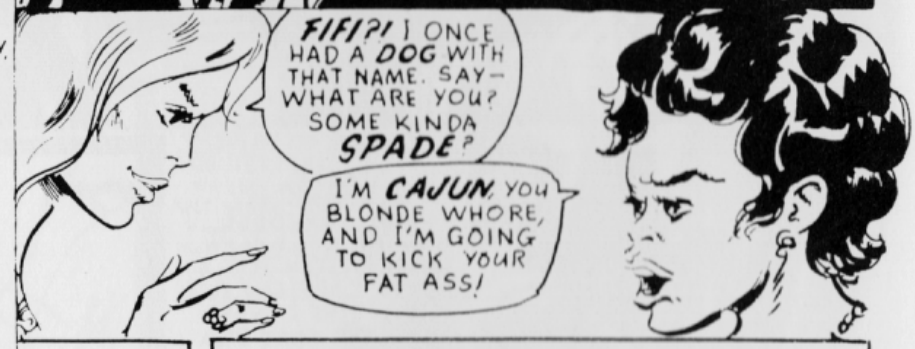
BITCH! FOUL! POISON GAS IS AGAINST THE RULES! IT STINKS LIKE A SARDINE CAN FULL OF LIMBURGER DOWN HERE!
MAYBE A LITTLE BIT OF TAIL CLAWING WILL SHUT YOUR YAP, BLONDIE!
OWW! YEEOW! AHGR!
WITH SURPRISING AGILITY, JUNE FREES HERSELF. SHE GIVES AN AMAZING DEMONSTRATION OF HER KNOWLEGE OF JUDO BEFORE RETURNING TO MORE CONVENTIONAL WRESTLING TECHNIQUES. VALERIE STILL HAS PLENTY OF STAMINA LEFT HOWEVER...
YEEOWW!
THE BATTLE GOES BACK AND FORTH. AGAIN AND AGAIN IT SEEMS THAT THE AWESOME MIGHT OF JUNE'S POWERFUL THIGHS WILL PREVAIL, BUT VALERIE SLIPS FREE. CYNARA CAN ABIDE THE UNSETTLED CONTEST NO LONGER.
OWW! M-MY RIBS!
I TRIED
TO STAY OUT!
3.

MUCH TO THE GLEE OF THE MEN, CYNARA RUSHES INTO THE FRAY. ATTACKING BOTH CONTESTANTS. JUNE SCREAMS. IT SEEMS AS IF HER HAIR IS BEING YANKED OUT BY THE ROOTS. THE NEXT MOMENT SHE IS HOISTED ALOFT AND SLAMMED DOWN.
YAA!
OW!
O.K. YOU TWO BUMS, YOU'RE THROUGH. CYNARA IS BACK TO STAY!
CYNARA DEFEATS BOTH VALERIE AND JUNE IN A SPECTACULAR DISPLAY OF STRENGTH AND SKILL. THE PENTHOUSE APARTMENT RESOUNDS WITH THE APPLAUSE OF THE AUDIENCE. CYNARA IS EXALTED.
OF COURSE CYNARA, THIS WASN'T AN OFFICIAL BOUT. YOU STILL MUST FIGHT THE NEXT CONTENDER.
AND I CAN HARDLY WAIT! I'LL KICK HER ASS, WHOEVER SHE IS AND AGAIN I'LL BE THE PENTHOUSE CHAMPION!
4

Penthouse Champion Series 6

PENTHOUSE PRIDE

NEWLY REINSTATED AS A TOP CONTENDER TO THE COVETED BELT OF *PENTHOUSE CHAMPION*, CYNARA MUST BATTLE THE NEXT IN LINE, WHILE IN ANOTHER CITY THE OTHER TWO HIGHEST RANKED WILL FIGHT. THUS CYNARA ARRIVES AT THE ELEGANT APARTMENTS OF SOPHISTICATED *BEAU LAROCHE* IN THE FAMOUS *VIEUX CARRE*. THERE, THE MEMBERS OF THE *PENTHOUSE CHAMPIONS CLUB* ARE GATHERED. A GOURMET MEAL IS GRACIOUSLY SERVED. AT LAST, WELL SUPPLIED WITH BRANDY AND CIGARS, THE MEN EXPECTANTLY TAKE THEIR SEATS..



QUICKLY THE CLUBMEMBERS GATHER TO WATCH THE BRAWL...
RIP MY DRESS WILL YOU? HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS?
THAT FIFI IS A LITTLE SPITFIRE. TWO TO ONE ON HER! ANY TAKERS?
THE FLOOR HAS YET TO BE CLEARED AND THE GIRLS CRASH OVER FURNITURE AS THEY TEAR INTO ONE ANOTHER.
UOH!
THEIR CLOTHING IS SOON SHREDDED. RAKING NAILS CLAW TENDER FLESH. IT IS A BRUTAL CAT-FIGHT. FIFI ALMOST PINS CYNARA. HER HARD KNEE DIGS INTO CYNARA'S BACK. BUT CYNARA HAS MANY TRICKS!
YA!!
OGH!
FOK!

THEN CYNARA TORMENTS FIFI WITH SHORT, HARD PUNCHES TO THE KIDNEYS. THE PAIN IS EXCRUCIATING. FIFI WEAKENS VISIBLY.
HUH!
UH!
OH!

WITH HER STRONG LEGS CYNARA PUT TERRIBLE PRESSURE ON FIFI.
URK

YOU LITTLE BITCH! I'M GOING TO WORK YOU OVER GOOD!

BEFORE I FINISH YOU!
TH-THAT'S NOT... G-GOING TO HAPPEN!

WITH AN AMAZING DISPLAY OF SKILL AND DEXTERITY, FIFI FREES HERSELF... AND MORE. SHE FLIPS CYNARA HIGH AND THE LITHE BLONDE IS SENT CRASHING TO THE FLOOR!
EEAH!

FOX
FIFI LEAPS TO TAKE ADVANTAGE. THE GIRLS ROLL OVER AND OVER, CLAWING AND BITING - EACH TEARING INTO THE OTHER IN VICIOUS FURY.
BUT CYNARA PROVES AN EXPERT AT ON THE MAT - OR IN THIS CASE - ON THE RUG WRESTLING. FIFI IS FAR, FAR TOO PROUD TO GIVE UP AND FIGHT TO THE END. CYNARA IS FORCET TO STRANGLE THE BRUNETTE INTO UNCONCIOUSNESS!
SO MUCH FOR FIFI! NEXT IS THE FIGHT FOR PENTHOUSE CHAMPION!
LATER... CYNARA JOINS THE MEN...
DID YOU LOSE YOUR WAD, HONEY? NEXT TIME, BET ON ME!
4

Penthouse Champion Series -7

T&A FIGHT

THE EAGERLY AWAITED EVENING ARRIVES. TONIGHT, IN AN EXCLUSIVE PENTHOUSE APARTMENT, THE PENTHOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP WILL BE DECIDED. BOTH CONTENDERS; *CYNARA* AND *PEGGY* SEE THE BEST OF FRIENDS.

1

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OOOOF!
NOW I TAKE THIS!
BOF!
CYNARA CANNOT RESIST TAUNTING HER ADVERSARY THIS PROVES TO BE A TERRIBLE ERROR. PEGGY FORGETS HER FRIENDSHIP FOR THE SINUOUS, SENSUOUS BLONDE. HER AFFECTION INSTANTLY FADES AND AN EVIL HATRED REPLACES IT. SHE TURNS UPON CYNARA, PUTTING ASIDE ALL THE RULES OF SPORT.— INDEED — ALL THE RULES OF CIVILIZED BEHAVIOR. SHE ATTACKS LIKE A WILD BEAST. HER HARD LITTLE FISTS HAMMER CYNARA — SINKING INTO THE PIT OF THE BLONDE'S BELLY. THEN, A PUNCH TO THE LIVER IS HARD ENOUGH TO CRACK A RIB. CYNARA GASPS AS THE BLINDING AGONY RACKES HER BODY. HER VISION BLURRS, SHE FIGHTS FOR AIR. EACH BREATH IS A PAINFILLED WHEEZE. PEGGY COLDLY SETS HER VICTIM UP. THEN DELIVERS A WILD BOLO PUNCH. CYNARA IS FAR TOO GROGGY TO AVOID THE ARCHING BLOW. IT CONNECTS — RIGHT ON THE BUTTON.
YA!
CYNARA DROPS AS IF POLE-AXED SHE LIES ON THE FLOOR, MOVING SLOWLY, DAZED IN PAIN. BEFORE ANYONE CAN STOP HER, PEGGY LEAPS, HURLING HER STRONG BODY ONTO HER MOANING ENEMY.
2

WHO'S THE LARD-ASS NOW, CYNARA? WHO'S THE LARD-ASS NOW, SKINNY BITCH? I'LL CHOKE THE LIFE OUT OF YOU.. YOU.. YOU..
GUG! GUG-G! UKKK! GURG!
IT SEEMS AS THOUGH CYNARA HAS LOST HER BID TO GAIN THE PROUD TITLE OF PENTHOUSE CHAMPION. PEGGY'S POWERFUL LEGS HOLD HER DOWN, CRUELLY CRUSHING INTO HER INJURED RIB. CYNARA STRUGGLES WEAKLY, STILL GROGGY. SOON PEGGY GRIPS HER SILKEN THROAT, SQUEEZES AND SQUEEZES. CYNARA IS UNABLED TO BREATHE. IN A FEW MOMENTS IT WILL ALL BE OVER. CYNARA KNOWS THAT SHE MUST IGNORE HER PAIN. DISPITE HER FADING SENSES, SHE GOUGES PEGGY IN THE EYES, WRENCHES FREE, AND...
BAM
EEE

HOLD
CYNARA DOESN'T BOTHER TO TAUNT HER OPPONENT NOW. HER PHYSICAL ABUSE IS TAUNT APLENTY. ALTHOUGH PEGGY VALIANTLY MANAGES TO BREAK HOLD AFTER HOLD, CYNARA IS EVER-READY WITH ANOTHER, ALWAYS WEAKENING PEGGY UNTIL FINALLY SHE CAN RESIST NO LONGER.
A GLASS OF VICTORY CHAMPAGNE IS POURED FOR THE NEW PENTHOUSE CHAMPION.
LATER...
THE CHAMPION'S BELT BECOMES YOU, CYNARA!
YOU BECOME ME TOO, ROCKY. WHAT DO YOU SAY I STRAP YOU ON ALONG WITH THE BELT?
4

PENTHOUSE CHAMPION SERIES 8

ROUGH HOUSE!

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QUICK AS A TIGRESS, STAVRA FOLLOWS UP HER ADVANTAGE. IF ANYTHING SHE IS EVEN MORE DISDAINFUL OF THE RULES OF FAIR SPORT THAN EVER. ONE FOUL ATOP ANOTHER GIVES GINNY NO CHANCE TO FIGHT BACK.
OGH!
BAH! YOU ARE TOO SOFT!
HER POWERFUL THIGHS LOCK AROUND GINNY IN AN ALMOST UNBEARABLE SCISSORS AND STAVRA FORCES GINNY'S FACE INTO HER HOT CROTCH, STRIVING TO SMOTHER THE SQUIRMING GIRL. GINNY'S NECK MUSCLES QUIVER WITH THE STRAIN. INCH BY INCH HER HEAD IS FORCED INTO STAVRA'S LEATHER-CLAD CROTCH...
AHRK! LICK IT, COMRADE. PRETEND IT IS CAVIAR!
②

WITH REMARKABLE DEXTERITY, GINNY BREAKS THE HOLD. STILL STAVRA CONTINUES HER FOUL TACTICS. THE SPECTATORS PROTEST, BUT STAVRA IGNORES THEM. SHE WILL WIN AT ANY COST.
EVEN BITING INTO GINNY'S WHITE THROAT LIKE SOME FOUL CREATURE OF THE NIGHT. BUT GINNY GRABS HANDFULS OF THE AMAZON'S LUXURIOUS MAND AND HURLS THE SCREAMING WOMAN — SLAMMING HER AMPLE BOSOM ONTO THE FLOOR.
WHAM!
TRY AS SHE WILL, STAVRA CAN NO LONGER REGAIN HER ILL-WON ADVANTAGE. GINNY HAS HER WELL PINNED AND APPEARS A CERTAIN VICTOR IN SPITE OF HER OPPONENT'S DIRTY TACTICS. THE CLUBMEMBERS ARE, TO A MAN, QUITE PLEASED. THEY RISE, READY TO CONGRADULATE GINNY...
3

TREACHEROUS TO THE LAST, STAVRA REACHES OUT TO GRASP A HOTLY SMOLDERING CIGAR. SHE TWISTS IN GINNY'S GRIP—
AND CRUELY GRINDS THE FLAMMING BUTT INTO GINNY'S SOFT, WHITE BREAST. SHRIEKING IN TERRIBLE PAIN, GINNY IS STAVRA'S HELPLESS VICTIM.
YI-E!
SZZZZ
THE WICKED BLONDE WORKS HER OVER.
BUT THE OUTRAGED CLUBMEMBERS SUBDUE HER. IN NEVER SEEN ANGER, CLUB PRESIDENT ROKAFALLA CHASTISES THE DIRTY FIGHTER AS SHE IS HELD BY HER OWN SPONSER, THE AMBASSADOR. A JUST LESSON TO A WOULD-BE PENTHOUSE CHAMPION!
HOLD HER MR. AMBASSADOR!
DA! DA!
NYET! NYET!
EEEE
4

Penthouse Champion Series -9

SHOWGIRL WRESTLING QUEEN

REGINA ROI, A ROYALLY ENDOWED SHOWGIRL CHALLENGES *PENTHOUSE CHAMPION* CYNARA. REGINA IS BACKED BY POWERFUL SYNDICATE MEMBERS. BUT THE WELL-OFF GENTLEMEN OF THE *PENTHOUSE CHAMPION CLUB* ARE ALL AS ONE IN THEIR LOVE OF THE ESOTERIC SPORT OF APARTMENT WRESTLING. CYNARA AND THE STATUERESQUE SHOWGIRL SHARE AN INSTANT DISLIKE.

REGINA... THIS IS CYNARA, THE CHAMPION.

SOON TO BE THE EX-CHAMPION. I'M TALL, TOUGH AND TERRIFIC!

Gaja

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YOU MEAN A TIMID, TITLESS TART!

OOFF!

AS SOON AS THE MEN ARE COMFORTABLY SEATED WITH DRINKS AND EXPENSIVE CIGARS, THE MATCH BEGINS. REGINA GOES ON THE OFFENSIVE, DETERMINED TO WIN.

THINK SO?

MAYBE I'LL FLATTEN YOUR TITS A LITTLE.

OGH

YEEOWW!
JEALOUS OF THE SIZE OF CYNARA'S BOSOM, THE TALL BRUNETTE SINKS HER FANGS INTO THE TENDER MEAT AND CHEWS AWAY.
MY HAIR!
HUH! YOU'RE NOT SO TOUGH. I'LL PLAY WITH YOU FOR AWHILE.
CYNARA GRABS A HANDFUL OF HER OPPONENT'S HAIR TO PROVE THAT SHE CAN ALSO USE ILLEGAL TACTICS WHEN FORCED TO DO SO. BUT OVERCOMING REGINA'S LONG LEGGED ADVANTAGE IS ANOTHER MATTER.
2

BUT CYNARA HAS THE EDGE OF MORE EXPERIENCE IN APARTMENT HOUSE WRESTLING AND SHE IS FURIOUS OVER THE NASTY BLACK AND BLUE BITE MARKS ON HER OTHERWISE PRISTINE BREAST. SHE FINALLY BREAKS REGINA'S HOLD, AND ALTHOUGH THE LONG-LEGGED BRUNETTE SHOWGIRL MAKES EVERY EFFORT, SHE IS UNABLE TO PIN CYNARA AGAIN.
GARH!
UH!
UN!
YEEEARGHH!
OGH!

GIVE UP? YOU'LL HAVE TO SPEAK UP- I CAN'T HEAR YOU.
GAH!
CYNARA! LONG MAY SHE REIGN.
WHEN CYNARA GETS HER POWERFUL LEGS ON REGINA THE MATCH IS AS GOOD AS WON. FINALLY A SCISSORS HALF STRANGES REGINA AND THE WEALTHY GENTLEMEN OF THE *PENTHOUSE CHAMPION CLUB* BURST INTO APPLAUSE. CYNARA ONCE AGAIN PROVES HER METTLE AND HER RIGHT TO THE TITLE OF *PENTHOUSE CHAMPION!*
4

PENTHOUSE CHAMPION SERIES #10

PENTHOUSE BRAWL

IN STILL ANOTHER GATHERING OF THE *PENTHOUSE CHAMPION CLUB*, THE SEEMINGLY UNDEFEATABLE CHAMPION, *CYNARA* HAS, DISPITE THE TREPITATION OF HER ...*SPONSER*... MORGAN DUPONT ROKAFALLA, CHALLENGE THE TWO MOST DANGEROUS CONTENDERS FOR HER TITLE- *VALERIE DUVAL* AND *STAVRA STAVROKA*!

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SURE, YOU CAN HAVE FIRST CRACK, STAVRA.
OOGH!
WOP!
BUT THE FIGHT ISN'T A PIECE OF CAKE FOR CYNARA. VALERIE QUICKLY IS ON HER AND THE TOUGH
BRUNETTE HAS NO TRACE OF THE MILK OF HUMAN KINDNESS IN HER FIRM BOSOM.
2

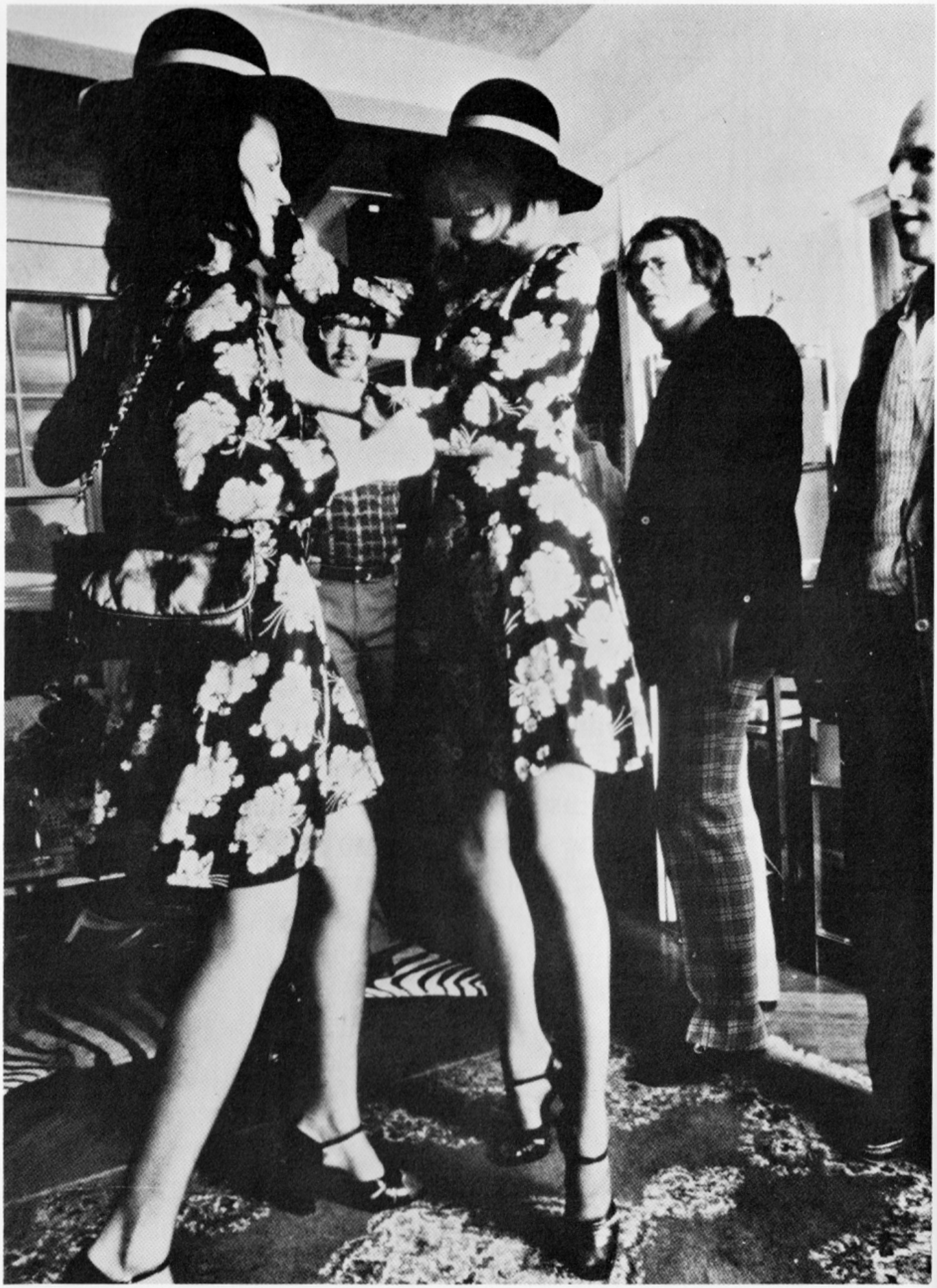
NOW I GAT YOU!
STOMP THE PEE OUT OF HER YOU RED HORDE!
THE QUALITY OF MERCY IS NOT STRAINED WITH STAVRA. SHE DROPS LIKE A RAIN OF PAIN UPON THE PLAIN OF CYNARA'S TUMMY.
UN!
HO!
DA! ME DO THE TROTSKI ON HER GREEDY CAPITALISTIC BOD!
YIIIIIIII!
URK!
TAKE IT-RIGHT IN THE YURI! AND DROP OFF!
OH! MY CROCHSKI!
STAVRA FALLS LIKE A RED STAR AND CYNARA PUTS VALERIE INTO A SPIN.
EEEEEEEEEE!

GAWD-CYNARA! NOT OUT THE WINDOW-WE'RE ON THE 30th FLOOR!
BUT CYNARA ONLY LAUGHS AND HURLS HER OPPONENT HEAD FIRST INTO THE LIQUOR CABINET. THERE IS A HORRID HOLLOW THUD.
CLUNK!
OUT! I GUESS I'LL ALWAYS BE THE CHAMPION WITH COMPETITION LIKE YOU TWO PUNKS.
WELL, MORGAN, HONEY, WHAT DO YOU THINK NOW?
I THINK WE'LL HAVE TO CHANGE THE RULES OF THE PENTHOUSE CHAMPION MATCHES. NOBODY CAN DEFEAT YOU NOW.
JEEZUZ! THE BROADS ARE NO LIGHTWEIGHTS.
VALERIE AND STAVRA ARE LUGGED AWAY IN DISGRACE. IT APPEARS CYNARA WILL BE PENTHOUSE CHAMPION FOREVER MORE.
4

Dressed To Kill

There is no sport more sensuous, exciting, or violent than private penthouse catfights. I ought to know, I earn my living fighting in these matches. People always ask me why beautiful women would resort to becoming savage animals and claw it out in front of an audience of wealthy men. There are all kinds of answers: money, power, prestige, admiration. But for me there's only one reason: I get pure pleasure and satisfaction in kicking another woman's ass who thinks she's better than me. And if someone wants to pay me well at the same time, all the better.

By the way, not just any girl can participate in these private matches. The select men who attend these penthouse battles are rich and can afford to be particular. All the women are beautiful, athletic, and of course aggressive. It's not unusual to see Playboy bunnies, exotic dancers, pin-up girls, models, and actresses tearing one another apart in an all out catfight. Luckily I meet the criteria. My name's Pam and I'm a New York model. I've got shoulder length black hair and a gorgeous dark complexion. My legs are long, sexy, and very strong and my breasts are larger than average with perfect dark nipples. I keep in shape by working out with weights and jogging every morning.



There are some people who think these penthouse fights are staged and not real, but that's a bunch of bull. Much money is bet on the outcome of these private bouts and believe me, they're for real. I've got the scars to prove it, because when two strong women really tangle in a no holds barred catfight, someone's bound to get hurt; sometimes both girls are. In fact, that's what happened when I fought this blonde bitch from LA names Karen. For those who attended, they were treated to a connoisseur's catfight that is rarely duplicated. First of all, we really didn't like one another. I had met her once at a cocktail party and to put it mildly, we had words. From the moment we both arrived, we competed for stares and attention from the male guests, as we were without a doubt the two best looking women at the party. The whole evening we eyed each other like only two rival females can and finally we were introduced. Now we studies one another up close, eyeing each other up and down, making jealous comparisons. I have to admit she was a good looking bitch. Her blonde hair was the same length as my own and she had that typical deep California tan. Her legs were long and shapley and her sheer black nylons gave them a sleek, shiny appearance. Her low cut black evening gown gave me a good view of her boobs which were firm and about my size. I saw her looking at my legs and breasts and from the unhappy look on her face, she know they were as good as her own. I had heard from someone else at the party that Karen also participated in penthouse fights, but mostly on the West Coast, while I fought primarily on the East Coast. Anyhow, as we were introduced, we began to shake hands when I felt the bitch

trying to grab me tighter and so I gripped her hand tighter and pretty soon we were engaging in a real test of strength. We began to talk, almost whispering, so no one else could hear, so close that our breasts practically touched, as we continued to grip the other's hand.

"I hear you're pretty tough," she said.

"You heard right," I answered, digging my long red fingernails into her hand for emphasis.

"Bitch!" she hissed from the pain and then retaliated by pushing her dagger sharp polished nails into my hand.

The pain was intense, but I wouldn't give her the satisfaction of knowing how much it hurt. I smiled at her mockingly.

"Is that the best you got?" I said.

She dug her nails deeper and smiled sadistically. "Maybe you'd like to see what I have, tough girl."

We both knew what she wanted and I was happy to oblige. "Let's set it up," I said.

We unlocked hands, both having drawn blood, and left word with the right people to set up a match between us. The only disagreement was where we would fight. She wanted to fight in LA and I wanted to have it out in New York. There was a coin flip and she won. That night I called the blonde bitch on the phone and said, "The coin flip's the last thing you'll win," and hung up.

When the night of the fight arrive, a white limo came to pick me up and drove me to a swank Century City penthouse. I was dressed in a brand new outfit that I had bought especially for this night. From the way the driver

stared, I knew he liked it, too. I wore a short flowered dress that showed off my lovely black stockinged legs in all their glory, black high heels that strapped around my ankles, and a wide brimmed black hat. Underneath I wore a lacy black bra and garter belt and for contrast sheer pink panties. Now, I had no intention of fighting in this outfit, as I brought a bikini to change into once I arrived; but things don't always work out as planned.

The limo driver escorted me through security, up to the tenth floor penthouse. When the door opened, I stepped inside and was greeted by the host with a kiss on the cheek. I noticed a strange look on his face as he stared at my dress.

"Is something wrong?" I asked.

"No, nothing," he stammered. "You look ravishing."

"Is *everyone* here?"

He knew what I meant. I wanted to know whether Karen had arrived.

"Yes," he answered, "we're all present. Care for a drink?"

My eyes searched the lavish room and then my blood ran cold. I was half in shock: there in the center of the room, drinking and talking to a couple of the elite guests, was that blonde bitch, Karen—wearing the exact same outift as me: the dress, hat, shoes, everything! My surprise turned to uncontrollable anger. And then she saw me, as did the other guests. From the look on her face, she was ex-

periencing the same emotions as me. The room was silent as we glared at one another. Suddenly, as if a starting gun had been sounded, we charged at each other, screaming and cursing. We met in the middle of the room and she was the first to make contact, slapping me wickedly across the face; so hard that my hat fell to the floor. Immediately I returned the favor, slapping her back and knocking her hat to the floor. Then we tore into each other with a passion. The men gathered around us, obviously delighted at the start of this spontaneous catfight.

"Take off my dress, pig!" she screamed.

"It's my dress, whore," I spat. "And it's yours that's coming off."

With that, I tore at her dress and it split down the side and middle. What I saw filled me with even more rage: she was even wearing the exact same underwear.

"They're coming off, too," I hissed.

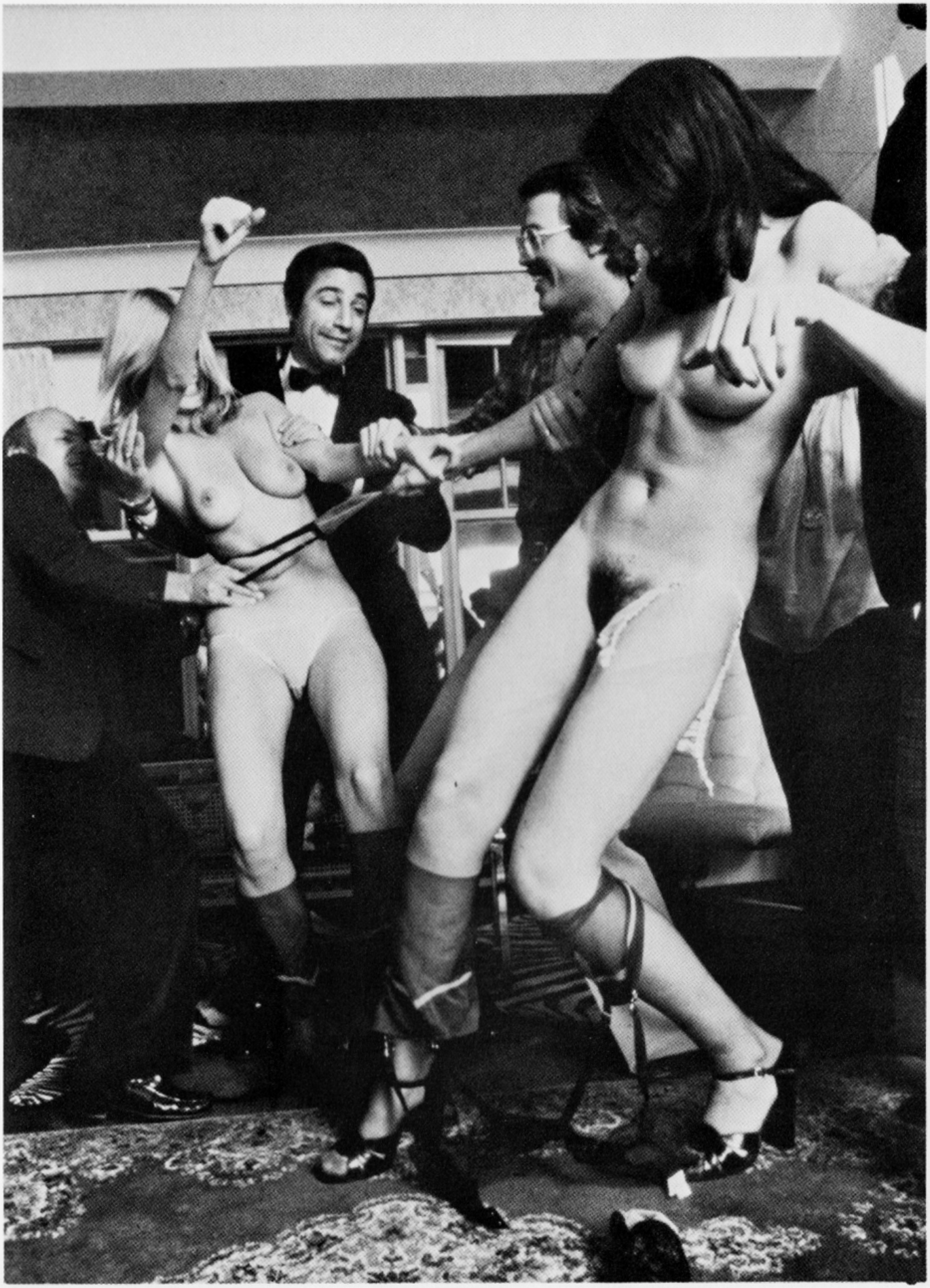
Karen spit at me and made her own threat. "I'm gonna strip you bare, bitch!"

She grabbed my dress with both hands and ripped it down the front. As she continued to tear at the expensive material, I did the same to hers and in seconds both our dresses lay in shredded ruins on the floor. Now we faced one another like two angry alley cats, dressed only in bras, panties, garter belts, and black nylons.

"I'm going to kill you, you ugly cow!" I screamed.

Her long red fingernails were in the shape of claws. "I'm waiting, bitch. Come and get me."

Again, I lunged at her and this time we both grabbed the other's hair. We pulled, tore, and yanked with all our



might until we both lost handfuls by the roots and clumps of black and blonde hair joined our dresses on the floor.

"You'll be bald when I'm done with you!" I sneered.

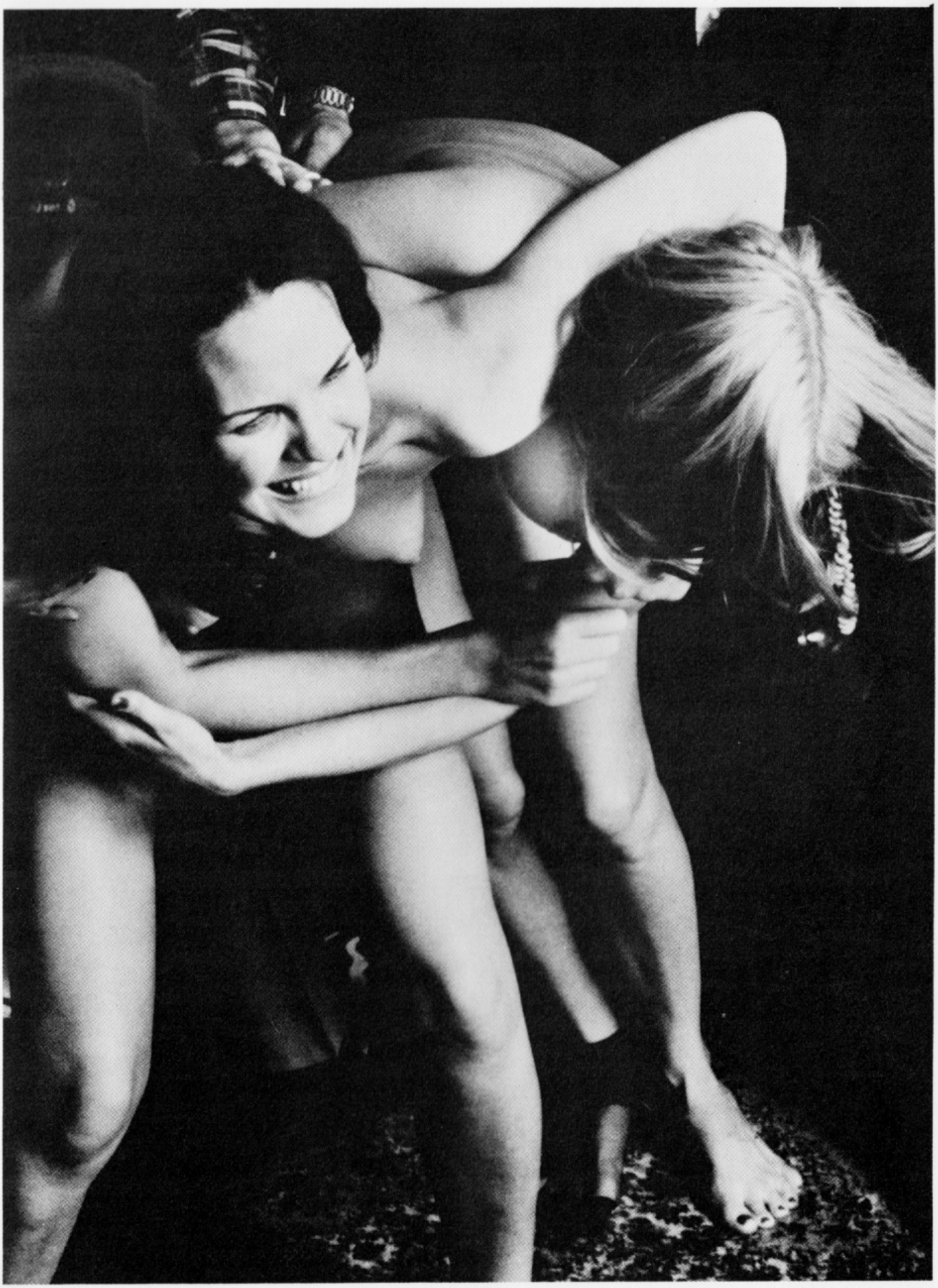
"No more than you," she answered.

Then the blonde bitch did something I didn't expect. Letting go of my hair, she dropped her hands to my breasts and in one swift motion pulled off my bra. Then she went for my garterbelt. The bitch was determined to make good on her earlier threat to strip me. By this time I had let go of her blonde hair and began to strip her back. Both of us were determined to humiliate the other. We were two angry, jealous women engaged in a battle of pride. I pulled down her bra and we were now both bare breated. The men were going crazy viewing our gorgeous firm boobs. Her nipples were large and pink, while mine were a deeper shade of red and stood erect. We traded insults as we continued to tear at one another's undergarments.

"Ugly cow tits!" I yelled.

"I'll bite your nipples off, pig!" she shouted.

She had already ripped down my garter belt, running my stockings that had now fallen below my knees. I did the same to her garter belt and her nylons suffered the same fate. Then the bitch grabbed hold of my panties and literally tore them in half, revealing my dark thick pubic bush. At this time, some of the men tried to separate us, possibly sensing that our strip down catfight was getting out of hand. But neither of us wanted to quit and we fought to free ourselves.



"Let me at that pig!" I yelled.

"Let go, so I can finish the bitch!" Karen screamed.

The men had no choice but to let us continue. Once loose we rushed at one another with even more intensity and our battle became even more vicious as we kicked with hard high heels, scratched, bit, and pulled hair. While she clawed my bare breasts, I finished ripping off her panties. Unlike the hair on her head, her pubic bush was dark.

"Bleached bitch," I taunted.

This made her all the more furious and she dug her talon like nails deep into my boobs. I screamed and grabbed her breasts, squeezing them with all my might and then raking her big nipples with my sharp nails. While we continued to torture the other's breasts, our strong shapley legs intertwined, trying to trip the other. Our sheer black nylons, without our garter belts, feel even further down our legs. Finally, we lost our balance and we tumbled to the floor one on top of the other. Across the floor we rolled, neither of us able to get a real advantage, as we both gave as good as we took. I was vaguely aware of the male audience in the background and bets being made. Both of us were perspiring, our hair was a mess, and scratches covered our breasts, backs, and arms. Shouts of encouragement came from the men as they cheered their favorite on.

"Get her Karen."

"Kick her ass good, Pam."

Spurred on, our fight became even more violent. I forced my way onto her back and and straddled her like a wild horse. Grabbing her leg, I bent it back until she shrieked in pain.

"Give up or I'll break it," I said.

"Never, whore," she answered.

I increased pressure while digging my nails into her nylon clad ankle. At the same time, Karen reached up and grabbed my hair and yanked until the pain in my scalp was unbearable. I released my hold on her leg, but not until I pulled off her high heeled shoe. I was ahead now in our strip contest. Immediately the blonde bitch went after my shoes and although we kicked and squirmed, both of us ended upwithout our shoes, leaving us clothed only in our run stockings that by now were bunched around our ankles and calves. As our battle became more heated, so did the betting from the spectators: hundred dollar bills were all over the floor. We were like two jungle cats fighting to the death; locked together in fierce female combat, hissing, snarling, and spitting, as we battled from one end of the room to the other. There were no rules: anything and everthing was allowed. No parts of our bodies were safe from the other's wrath. The bitch actually got behind me and bit my ass; her teeth tore into me like a mad dog.

"Fuckin' animal!" I screamed, pulling free.

I could see by the hate in her eyes that she really was an animal now, but then so was I. I actually growled as I leaped on top of her intent on destroying her. She tried to choke me, but I twisted her boobs so hard that tears came to her eyes and she was forced to let me go.

We pulled hair from top and bottom with such ferociousness that I honestly thought that there might be more left on the floor than on us. She kneed me in the crotch and crawled on top of me, but I kicked her in the boobs and pushed her off. Finally, after an hour of non-stop figting and both of us near exhaustion, I pinned her arms to the ground with me knees and began to choke her.

"Give, bitch," I said. "Give or I'll kill you!"

"Never, pig!" she said with malice and with her last ounce of strength, she spit in my face.

In a rage, I continued to choke her and she soon lost consciousness. I was still so furious that I wouldn't let loose. Luckily for her,a couple of the men pulled me off the bitch or I might've killed her.

With the fight over, I was left with a great sense of accomplishment. Yes, I was scratched, bruised, bleeding, and naked, but the humiliation I had felt earlier was gone. I looked down at the beaten woman on the floor, placed my foot on her swollen breast, and raised my arms in victory. The audience applauded wildly.

"Someone get me a drink," I said.

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